

THE ARKHAM COLLECTOR



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TWO NEW SPRING BOOKS. Because of an inability to deliver to our printers in time some of the announced manuscripts on our 1971 list, two lesser book-length manuscripts, ready for publication, have been set for Spring publication. They are a long-deferred book by Walter de la Mare, one of the great writers in the tradition of the macabre — and a first collection of poetry by a modern Elizabethan, Donald Sidney-Fryer.

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EIGHT TALES, by Walter de la Mare (\$4.00) was planned by the late author himself well before his death. It contains eight early, hitherto uncollected tales originally published under the byline of "Walter Ramal" in such magazines as *The Pall Mall Gazette*, *Cornhill Magazine*, and *The Sketch* — *Kismet* / *The Hangman Luck* / *A Mote* / *The Village of Old Age* / *The Moon's Miracle* / *The Giant* / *De Mortuis* / *A:B:O*. These are not tales of the calibre of *Seaton's Aunt* or other of his remarkable tales of Psychic invasion, but they are nevertheless of more than ordinary interest. The introduction is by Professor Edward Wagenknecht, a distinguished author and critic, as our readers must know; he writes of these tales — "Embryonically the writer of these stories is the writer we are to know and love in so many varied phases of his activity,"
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down through the busy years, in such a large body of work, so varied in its aspects, so extraordinarily single in its inspiration." The jacket design is by Gary Gore. Publication in April, 1971.



SONGS AND SONNETS ATLANTIAN, by Donald Sidney Fryer (\$5.00) is a first book of uncommonly interesting fantastic poems by a young troubadour-poet who first distinguished himself in his introduction to Clark Ashton Smith's *Poems in Prose*. He now recites his own poems, Smith's, and those of various Elizabethans particularly Spenser's *The Faerie Queene*, with lute accompaniment quite successfully all up and down the west coast. Announced as "translations from the Atlantean, as well as from the French, together with a selection of original poems expressly created by the translator for the present volume" — 71 poems in all, with notes and an introduction by Dr. Ibide W. Andor. A rich and memorable collection. Publication in May, 1971.



TO GREAT CTHULHU

The moonlight strikes the waves with waning shafts,
 Making a million eyes wink evilly
 From undulating facets of the sea,
 While landward curls a thickening mist that wafts
 Vague scents that bend the dreams of sleeping men
 Down nightmare paths bypassing space and time —
 To primal fanes that rise from layered slime
 Where dreams the One Who Waits to rise again.

O mighty Dreamer! when the impending stars
 Shall make to rise from out the haunted sea

Thine age-encrusted throne, and cause anew
 Thine awful hate to wake and the old scars
 Of Earth to burst asunder, grant to me
 The vengeance tendered to thy chosen few!

— Richard L. Tierney

† † †

PASSING OF A DREAMER

by Gary Myers

OPENING INTO a narrow windowless alley behind the solemn Hall of Burgesses on the one side and the shop of Woth the baker on the other, in Ulthar that lies beyond the river Skai, is that hidden door whose existence is only suspected. It is said of this door that there squats behind it on an altar of what the unimaginative guess to be merely human bones, that strange and dubious idol named in certain obscure references as the Keeper of Dreams. There it crouches in the dark behind that misleading door, patiently waiting for those who have always come seeking that which only the Keeper has to offer, and always afterwards it locks its fees away in a little painted box, rumour of which disturbs the sleep of the gods. What those fees are the legends do not willingly say, hinting only that Snireth-Ko knew once, and the fate of Snireth-Ko remains a matter of grim speculation.

They still tell in Ulthar how once it was this same Snireth-Ko who prepared the incense burned at all hours in the left ear of the image of Nasht to confuse him, lest he be angered perceiving that his worshippers are sinful; into his other ear they pray. He mulled the golden wine with an herb well loved by the temple cats who yet touch it not, but accept gladly the proffered dream afterwards when the

priests have lapped up the wine. But despite his profound knowledge of even these most sacred traditions of the mild gods of earth or perhaps because of them, in the end the mystery and the beauty of these traditions was lost to him, and he perceived that they are as false as the droll image in whose left ear his incense burned. And while Nasht with his brothers atop unknown Kadath guffawed at some wry jest and cared not for the affairs of men, Snireth-Ko turned away from the gods and went out into the lonely streets. Whither his wanderings took him that night is uncertain, for only the graceful cats were there to see, sitting and cleaning their whiskers unconcernedly in the immemorial way of cats, that takes not into account the sad mutterings of disillusioned venders of incense kept from sleep by thoughts not good to have. Perhaps even Snireth-Ko knew not where his footsteps would bring him. Something felt him there in the cobbled lanes, muttering to himself of the faith now gone from him, for then a muffled piping drew him out of the night to that dim evil-smelling alley, and through the secret doorway where all such go in time, which something shut and locked behind him.

On the brick cylinders of Kadatheron many curious things are written, in archaic letters few now can read. There is revealed the madness that hungers in starless gulfs, the reason its abominable spawn must flee to hostile worlds of light, blaspheming those worlds with horrible mockeries of form and substance. It was dark in that wide chamber which by all sane laws should be Woth's respectable shop and the winding street in which it lies, but then a light was struck somewhere to fall upon the idol's shocking face, and Snireth-Ko knew where he was. That pale object squatting obscenely on the altar of piled bones had been fashioned like a salamander more than any leech, and its eyes were improperly placed. Snireth-Ko did not like what it used in lieu of a mouth. But those parts still hidden

in shadow were much worse, and perhaps he should not be judged harshly for that one tiny scream. He well knew what services that idol offers, but he had heard unpleasant surmises about the fee that deceitful proprietor demands of clients. For it is told in Ulthar and in Nir, and passed by devious means throughout the Six Kingdoms, that what the Keeper of Dreams vends from its high altar is nothing less prized than men's desires. Such may be many things to many people, yet all are goods in that dim infamous shop that should be Woth's. In the farthest most shadowed end is a window sorcerously opening on all the dreams that tease the mind with longings, and the nightmares and vague terrors that only the jaded seek; but when the idol's services are not required it overlooks only an abyss of stars. The daemon stirred its fretted wings, peered obliquely at its client, and smiled, and Snireth-Ko saw that he had been mistaken about the stars. Without that fabulous window lay all the bright opulence of wonder and the incredible mysteries he had lost with his faith, all the weird beauty, there waiting to receive him into pulsing vortices of scented flame and veiled purple glories. And Snireth-Ko was wafted through the shimmering pane to the crystal dreams beyond. . . .

In what far clime he knew not, the dreamer strode those viscous shores of some vast continent of weeds, wrenched from the murky depths of what nameless sea he did not like to think. Slimey things watched his tedious passage with numerous glazed eyes, fantastic polyps gnashed frightful beaks and menaced him with ropey tentacles and sank back into the churning waters; still he toiled on through the green rottenness toward an unspoken goal. Clammy white mists shredded from the distant spires and proud minarets glinting emerald in the sun, and Snireth-Ko walked crystal ways between tall columns of figured

glass, among riven domes of temples and cyclopean ruins of brilliant green, to a wide court where an emerald demigod banded with queer runes stared unseeing at the stars. The dreamer too sought the stars and guessed what messages their cryptic winkings might convey, and shuddered. And when he heard that shocking moan from the god's weed-bearded lips he fled madly back through the tottering slimes, and leapt into darkness rather than hear what name that image would pronounce.

In some dark necropolis of shadow-guarded Leng he turned in haste and fear from the lurid fires of ghoulish feedings beneath the moon, but followed after a silent hooded shape loping stiffly through the leprous shades of tombs and over sunken graves. Beneath a precarious lintel it vanished, but Snireth-Ko traced in the dust a sign whose meaning he could not know, and hurried down the broken steps into those lightless vaults beyond. And there with the gloating shadows for aeons he wandered the insane labyrinth of the tomb, fumbling in the dark and disturbing the bloated rats and things far less pleasant with his breathing. At last his eyes, grown large with the unending night, found the light beneath a secret door. But something behind that door rattled its moldy claws and snarled, and made him think better of opening it. He turned back into the friendly dark alive with the stirrings of rats.

But he was mad to suppose those evil lights were eyes; for in a third vision the haunted skies engulfed him in the starry ether and bore him on spectral winds to that lonely ashen sphere of silence and horror and cold men name the moon, never suspecting Who it is that lurks bubbling and blaspheming beyond the Rim in full view of the moon's other side. More delirious than that which the pale toad-things sliced and prodded with curious weapons as it bulged hugely from a sickening crevasse, and what carted the flesh sinfully away on disturbing wains, yet it was but the

lowly Messenger of that Other: that shocking final peril which gibbers unmentionably outside the ordered universe, where no dreams reach; that last amorphous blight of nethermost confusion who gnaws hungrily in inconceivable, unlighted chambers beyond time amidst the muffled, maddening beating of vile drums and the thin, monotonous whine of accursed flutes; the boundless daemon sultan Azathoth. . . .

Snireth-Ko shrieked and fled quickly back through dizzying gulfs of space, back to the world of glittering cities and light, back through a jewelled pane into that wide dime cell of dubious transactions, where he saw how the idol had tricked him. The Keeper of Dreams flopped stickily from its altar and wriggled across the floor in a manner that revolted even the cabalistically figured tiles, the painted box of astonishing rumour held open in one flabby claw. Snireth-Ko could not mistake what it is the sinister Keeper hoards against the awakening of those Old Ones that possessed the earth aforetime, for purposes of blackmail or perhaps to purchase unspeakable favours; neither did he guess wrongly the fee that slobbering idol required of him, and he turned and plunged back through the charmed pane.

The fate of Snireth-Ko is still a matter of grim speculation. Some believe the idol was not cheated of its nameless fee, but snatched him back in absurd limbs from the dreams he hoped to hide in . . . and afterwards locked the little painted box and used the clean-picked bones to make its altar more comfortable. Others said that Snireth-Ko fell screaming into the starry abyss the window overlooks when the idol's services are not required, that he is falling even now. But in a dream of that alien city of grey towers and smokes, uncouthly named London by those who toil there with pale worried faces that come of too much brooding on unhealthy things, I came upon an old man cowering

in an alley, who would only claw the sightless wall of brick with long fleshless fingers, and mumble sadly of the faith he had lost and a fee he had not wished to pay; and in the ruin of his face hovered a thin phantom of him who made the incense once, in Ulthar beyond the river Skai.

† † †

MAY-EVE

Little Laurie cannot sleep,
 Only eight years old;
 Moonlight's making Laurie creep
 Out into the cold.
 Dancing dizzy on the heath
 Round the standing stone,
 Laurie's sweating underneath
 Necklaces of bone.

Then before the morning breaks
 Burning overhead,
 And her family awakes —
 Laurie's home to bed.

— Steve Eng

† † †

THE APHIDS

Knowing how very common may calm us against
 terror. Comfortable with the latest horror,
 we shall live out our days, so long nothing unkempt
 or as we say unexplained may disadjust the mind.
 Trap it in brand-new cliches, so we can tell it
 from last year's model, there is something chic

in any completely revolting idea. Especially if it's glossy, Madisonized, chromed-over: we school ourselves to accept if we don't quite believe one or two monstrosities daily before the slowly crumbling effect of breakfast food game.

Let us have also assurance none of the old evils shall be pulled from our clutches. It is hard to live without love, but harder still without hatreds, selective abominations. Knowing that terror is an old friend of the family, shabby, but somehow respectable,

I think we can face the unexplained sudden filling up of what we they assured us was nothing but harmless void with millions and millions of cubic miles of completely insane, blood-sucking, ethereal aphids.

— William D. Barney

† † †

THE WAITING ROOM

by Robert Aickman

Against such interventions of fate as this, reflected Edward Pendlebury, there was truly nothing that the wisest and most farsighted could do; and the small derangement of his plans epitomized the larger derangement which was life. All the way from Grantham it had been uncertain whether the lateness of the train from Kings Cross would not result in Pendlebury missing the connection at York. The ticket inspector thought that "they might hold it"; but Pendlebury's fellow passengers, all of them business men who know the line well, were skeptical, and seemed to imply that it was among the inspector's duties to soothe highly-strung passengers. "This is a Scarborough train,"

said one of the business men several times. "It's not meant for those who want to go further north." Pendlebury knew perfectly well that it was a Scarborough train: it was the only departure he could possibly catch, and no one denied that the time table showed a perfectly good, though slow, connection. Nor could anyone say why the express was late.

It transpired that the connection had not been held.

"Other people want to get home besides you," said the man at the barrier, when Pendlebury complained rather sharply.

There were two hours to wait; and Pendlebury was warned that the train would be very slow indeed. "The milk-and-mail we call it," said his informant.

"But it does go there?"

"In the end."

Already it was late at night; and the Refreshment Room was about to close. The uncertainty regarding the connection had made Pendlebury feel a little sick; and now he found it difficult to resume reading the Government publication the contents of which it was necessary for him to master before the next day's work began. He moved from place to place, reading and rereading the same page of technicalities: from a draughty seat under a light to a waiting-room, and, when the waiting-room was invaded by some over-jolly sailors, to the adjoining hotel, where his request for coffee seemed to be regarded as insufficient.

In the end it was long before the train was due when he found his way to the platform from which his journey was to be resumed. A small but bitterly cold wind was now blowing through the dark station from the north; it hardly sufficed to disturb the day's accumulation of litter, but none the less froze the fingers at a touch. The appearance of the train, therefore, effected a disproportionate revival in Pendlebury's spirits. It was composed of old stock, but none

the less comfortable for that; the compartment was snugly heated, and Pendlebury sat in it alone.

The long journey began just in time for Pendlebury to hear the Minster clock clanging midnight as the train slowly steamed out. Before long it had come to rest again, and the bumping of milk churns began, shaking the train as they were moved, and ultimately crashing, at stately intervals, to the remote wayside platforms. Observing, as so many late travellers before him, that milk seems to travel from the town to the country, Pendlebury, despite the thuds, fell asleep, and took up the thread of anxiety which he so regularly followed through the caves of the night. He dreamed of the world's unsympathy, of projects hopefully begun but soon unreasonably overturned, of happiness filched away. Finally he dreamed that he was in the South of France. Although he was alone, it was beautiful and springtime; until suddenly a bitter wind descended upon him from nowhere, and he awoke, hot and cold simultaneously.

"All change."

The door of the compartment was open, and a porter was addressing him.

"Where are we?"

"Casterton. Train stops here."

"I want Wykeby."

"Wykeby's on the main line. Six stations past."

"When's the next train back?"

"Not till six-thirty."

The guard had appeared, stamping his feet.

"All out please. We want to go to bed."

Pendlebury rose to his feet. He had a cramp in his left arm, and could not hold his suitcase. The guard pulled it out and set it on the platform. Pendlebury alighted and the porter shut the door. He jerked his head to the guard, who clicked the green slide of his lantern. The train slowly steamed away.

"What happens to passengers who arrive here fast asleep?" asked Pendlebury. "I can't be the first on this train."

"This train's not rightly meant for passengers," replied the porter. "Not beyond the main line, that is."

"I missed the connection. The London train was late."

"Maybe," said the porter. The northerner's view of the south was implicit in his tone.

The train could be seen coming to rest in a siding. Suddenly all its lights went out.

"Casterton is quite a big place, I believe?"

"Middling," said the porter. He was a dark featured man, with a saturnine expression.

"What about a hotel?"

"Not since the Arms was sold up. The new people don't do rooms. Can't get the labour."

"Well what *am* I to do?" The realization that it was no business of the porter to answer this question made Pendlebury sound childish and petulant.

The porter looked at him. Then he jerked his head as he had done to the guard and began to move away. Picking up his suitcase (the other hand was still numb and disembodied), Pendlebury followed him. Snow was beginning to fall, not in flakes but in single stabbing spots.

The porter went first to a small office, lighted by a sizzling Tilley lamp, and heated to stuffiness by a crackling coke stove. Here he silently performed a series of obscure tasks, while Pendlebury waited. Finally he motioned Pendlebury out, drew the fire, extinguished the light, and locked the door. Then he lifted from its bracket the single oil lamp which illuminated the platform and opened a door marked "General Waiting Room". Once more he jerked his head. This time he was holding the light by his dark face, and Pendlebury was startled by the suddenness and

violence of the movement. It was a wonder that the porter did not injure his neck.

"Mind you, I'm not taking any responsibility. If you choose to spend the night, it's entirely your own risk."

"It's not a matter of choice," rejoined Pendlebury.

"It's against the regulations to use the waiting-rooms for any purpose but waiting for the company's trains."

"They're not the company's trains any more. They're supposed to be *our* trains."

Presumably the porter had heard that too often to consider it worth reply.

"You can keep the lamp while the oil lasts."

"Thank you," said Pendlebury. "What about a fire?"

"Not since before the war."

"I see," said Pendlebury. "I suppose you're sure there's nowhere else?"

"Have a look if you want to."

Through the door Pendlebury could see the drops of snow scudding past like icy shrapnell.

"I'll stay here. After all, it's only a few hours." The responsibilities of the morrow were already ranging themselves around Pendlebury, ready to topple and pounce.

The porter placed the lamp on the polished yellow table.

"Don't forget it's nothing to do with me."

"If I'm not awake, I suppose someone will call me in time for the six-thirty?"

"Yes," said the porter. "You'll be called."

"Goodnight," said Pendlebury. "And thank you."

The porter neither answered, nor even nodded. Instead he gave that violent twist or jerk of his head. Pendlebury realized that it must be a twitch; perhaps partly voluntary, partly involuntary. Now that he had seen it in the light, its extravagance frightened him. Going, the

porter slammed the door sharply; from which Pendlebury deduced also that the lock must be stiff.

As well as the yellow table the waiting room contained four long seats stoutly upholstered in shiny black. Two of these seats were set against the back wall, with the empty fireplace between them; and one against each of the side walls. The seats had backs, but no arms. There were also two objects in hanging black frames: one was the address of the local representative of an organization concerned to protect unmarried women from molestation when away from home; the other a black and white photograph of the Old Bailey, described, Pendlebury observed, as The New Central Criminal Court. Faded though the scene now was, the huge blind figure which surmounted the dome, still stood out blackly against the pale sky. The streets were empty. The photograph must have been taken at dawn.

Pendlebury's first idea was to move the table to one side, and then bring up one of the long seats so that it stood alongside another, thus making a wider couch for the night. He set the lamp on the floor, and going round to the other end of the table began to pull. The table remained immovable. Supposing this to be owing to its obviously great weight, Pendlebury increased his efforts. He then saw, as the rays of the lantern advanced towards him across the dingy floorboards, that at the bottom of each leg were four L-shaped metal plates, one each side, by which the leg screwed to the floor. The plates and the screws were dusty and rusty, but solid as a battleship. It was an easy matter to confirm that the four seats were similarly secured. The now extinct company took no risks with its property.

Pendlebury tried to make the best of a single bench, one of the pair divided by the fireplace. But it was both hard and narrow, and curved sharply upwards to its centre. It was even too short, so that Pendlebury found it difficult to dispose of his feet. So cold and uncomfortable was he

that he hesitated to put out the sturdy lamp. But in the end he did so. Apart from anything else, Pendlebury found that the light just sufficed to fill the waiting-room with dark places which changed their shape and kept him wakeful with speculation. He found also that he was beginning to be obsessed with the minor question of how long the oil would last.

With his left hand steadying the overcoat under his head (most fortunately he had packed a second, country one for use if the weather proved really cold), he turned down the small notched flame with his right; then lifting the lamp from the table, blew it out. Beyond the waiting room it was so dark that the edges of the two windows were indistinct. Indeed the two patches of tenuous foggy grey-ness seemed to appear and disappear, like the optical illusions found in Christmas crackers. If there was any chance of Pendlebury's eyes "becoming accustomed to the light", it was now dissipated in drowsiness. Truly Pendlebury was very tired indeed.

Not, of course, that he was able to sleep deeply or unbrokenly. Tired as he was, he slept as all must sleep upon such an unwelcoming couch. Many times he woke, with varying degrees of completeness: sometimes it was a mere half-conscious adjustment of his limbs; twice or thrice a plunging start into full vitality (he noticed that the wind had begun to purr and creak in the choked-up chimney); most often it was an intermediate state, a surprisingly cosy awareness of relaxation and irresponsibility, when he felt an extreme disinclination for the night to end and for the agony of having to arise and walk. Pendlebury began to surmise that discomfort, even absurd discomfort, could recede and be surmounted with no effort at all. Almost he rejoiced in his adaptability. He seemed no longer even to be cold. He had read (in the context of polar exploration) that this could be a condition of peculiar danger, a lethal

delusion. If so, it seemed also a happy delusion, and Pendlebury was surfeited with reality.

Certainly the wind was rising. Every now and then a large invisible snowflake (the snow seemed no longer to be coming in bullets) slapped against one of the windows like a gobbet of paste; and secret little draughts were beginning to flit even about the solidly built waiting room. At first Pendlebury became aware of them neither by feeling nor by hearing; but before long they were stroking his face and turning his feet to ice (which inconvenience also he proved able to disregard without effort). In a spell of wakefulness, still surprisingly unattended with discomfort, he began to speculate upon the stormy windswept town which no doubt surrounded the lifeless station; the yeomanry slumbering in their darkened houses, the freezing streets paved with lumpy granite setts, the occasional lover, the rare law-breaker both withdrawn into deep doorways. Into such small upland communities until two or three centuries ago wolves had come down at night from the fells when snow was heavy. From these reflections about a place he had never seen, Pendlebury drew a curious contrasting comfort.

Suddenly the wind loosened the soot in the chimney; there was a rustling rumbling fall, which seemed as if it would never end; and Pendlebury's nostrils were stuffed with dust. Horribly reluctant, he dragged himself upwards. Immediately his eyes too were affected. He could see nothing at all; the dim windows were completely gone. Straining for his handkerchief, he felt the soot even on his hands. His clothes must be smothered in it. The air seemed opaque and impossible to breathe. Pendlebury began to cough, each contraction penetrating and remobilizing his paralysed limbs. As one sinking into an ice-pack, he became conscious of deathly cold.

It was as if he would never breathe again. The thickness of the air seemed even to be increasing. The sooty dust

was whirling about like a sandstorm, impelled by the draughts which seemed to penetrate the stone walls on all sides. Soon he would be buried beneath it. As even his coughing began to strangle in his throat, Pendlebury plunged towards the door. Immediately he struck the heavy screwed down table. He stumbled back to his bench. He was sure that within minutes he would be dead.

But gradually he became aware that again there was a light in the waiting room. Although he could not tell when it had passed from imperception to perception, there was the tiniest faintest red glow, which was slowly but persistently waxing. It came from near the floor, just at the end of Pendlebury's bench. He had to crick his neck in order to see it at all. Soon he realized that of course it was in the fireplace. All this time after the commencement of the war, once again there was a fire. It was just what he wanted, now that he was roused from his happy numbness into the full pain of the cold.

Steadily the fire brightened and sparkled into a genial crepitation of life. Pendlebury watched it grow, and began to feel the new warmth lapping at his fingers and toes. He could see that the air was still thick with black particles, rising and falling between floor and ceiling, and sometimes twisting and darting about as if independently alive. But he had ceased to choke and cough, and was able again to sink his head upon the crumpled makeshift pillow. He stretched his legs as life soaked into them. Lethargy came delightfully back.

He could see now that the dust was thinning all the time; no doubt settling on the floor and hard, resisting furniture. The fire was glowing ever more strongly; and to Pendlebury it seemed in the end that all the specks of dust had formed themselves into the likeness of living writhing Byzantine Columns, which spiralled their barley-sugar whorls through the very texture of the air. The whorls

were rapidly losing density, however, and the rosy air clearing. As the last specks danced and died Pendlebury realized that the waiting room was full of people.

There were six people on the side bench which started near his head; and he believed as many on the corresponding bench at the opposite side of the room. He could not count the number on the other bench, because several more people obscured the view by sitting on the table. Pendlebury could see further shadowy figures on the bench which stood against his own wall the other side of the fireplace. The people were of both sexes and all ages, and garbed in the greatest imaginable variety. They were talking softly but seriously to one another. Those nearest the fire sometimes stretched a casual hand toward the flames, as people seated near to a fire usually do. Indeed, except perhaps for the costume of some of them (one woman wore a splendid evening dress), there was but one thing unusual about these people . . . Pendlebury could not precisely name it. They looked gentle and charming and in every way sympathetic, those who looked rich and those who looked poor. But Pendlebury felt that there was about them some single uncommon thing which, if he could find it, would unite and clarify their various distinctions. Whatever this thing was, Pendlebury was certain that it was shared by him with the people in the waiting room, and with few others. He then reflected that naturally he was dreaming.

To realize that one is dreaming is customarily disagreeable, so that one strains to awake. But than this dream Pendlebury wanted nothing better. The unexpected semi-tranquility he had before at times felt in the comfortless waiting room, was now made round and complete. He lay back with a sign to watch and listen.

On the side bench next to him, with her shoulder by his head, was a pretty girl wearing a black shawl. Pendlebury knew that she was pretty although much of her face was

turned away from him as she gazed at the young man seated beside her, whose hand she held. He too had looks in his own way, Pendlebury thought. About both the clothes and the general aspect of the pair was something which recalled a nineteenth century picture by an Academician. None the less it was instantly apparent that each lived only for the other. Their love was like a magnifying glass between them.

On the near corner of the bench at the other side of the fire sat an imposing old man. He had a bushel of silky white hair, a fine brow, a commanding nose, and the mien of a philosopher king. He sat in silence, but from time to time smiled slightly upon his own thoughts. He too seemed dressed in a past fashion.

Those seated upon the table were unmistakably of to-day. Though mostly young, they appeared to be old friends, habituated to trusting one another with the truth. They were at the centre of the party, and their animation was greatest. It was to them that Pendlebury most wanted to speak. The longing to communicate with these quiet happy people soon reached a passionate intensity which Pendlebury had never before known in a dream, but only, very occasionally, upon awaking from one. But now, though warm and physically relaxed, almost indeed disembodied, Pendlebury was unable to move; and the people in the waiting room seemed unaware of his presence. He felt desperately shut out from a party he was compelled to attend.

Slowly but unmistakably the tension of community and sodality waxed among them, as if a loose mesh of threads weaving about between the different individuals were being drawn tighter and closer, further isolating them from the rest of the world, and from Pendlebury: the party was advancing into a communal phantasmagoria, as parties should, but in Pendlebury's experience seldom did; an

ombre chinoise of affectionate ease and intensified inner life. Pendlebury so plainly belonged with them. His flooding sensation of identity with them was the most authentic and the most momentous he had ever known. But he was wholly cut off from them; there was, he felt, a bridge which they had crossed and he had not. And they were the select best of the world, from different periods and classes and ages and tempers; the nicest people he had ever known — were it only that he could know them.

And now the handsome woman in evening dress (Edwardian evening dress, Pendlebury thought, décolleté but polypetalous) was singing, and the rest were hushed to listen. She was singing a drawing room ballad, of home and love and paradise; elsewhere doubtless absurd, but here sweet and moving, made so in part by her steady mezzo-soprano voice, and soft intimate pitch. Pendlebury could see only her pale face and bosom in the firelight, the shadow of her dark hair massed tight on the head above her brow, the glinting and gleaming of the spirit caught within the large jewel at her throat, the upward angle of her chin; but more and more as she sang it was as if a broad knife turned round and round in his heart, scooping it away. And all the time he knew that he had seen her before; and knew also that in dreams there is little hope of capturing such mightily lost memories.

He knew that soon there would be nothing left, and that it was necessary to treasure the moments which remained. The dream was racing away from him like a head of water when the sluice is drawn. He wanted to speak to the people in the waiting room, even inarticulately to cry out to them for rescue; and could feel that the power hitherto cut off, would soon be once more upon him. But all the time the rocks and debris of common life were ranging themselves before him as the ebbing dream uncovered them

more and more. When he could speak, he knew that there was no one to speak to.

In the doorway of the waiting room stood a man with a lantern.

"All right, sir?"

The courtesy suggested that it was not the porter of the previous night.

Pendlebury nodded. Then he turned his face to the wall, out of the lantern's chilly beam.

"All right, sir?" said the man again. He seemed to be sincerely concerned.

Pendlebury, alive again, began to pick his way from lump to lump across the dry but muddy watercourse.

"Thank you. I'm all right."

He still felt disembodied with stiffness and numbness and cold.

"You know you shouted at me? More like a scream, it was. Not a nice thing to hear in the early morning." The man was quite friendly.

"I'm sorry. What's the time?"

"Just turned the quarter. There's no need to be sorry. So long as you're all right."

"I'm frozen. That's all."

"I've got a cup of tea brewed for you in the office. I found the other porter's note when I opened up this morning. He didn't ought to have put you in here."

Pendlebury had forced both his feet to the floor, and was feebly brushing down his coat with his congealed hands.

"There was no choice. I missed my station. I understand there's nowhere else to go."

"He didn't ought to have put you in here, sir," repeated the porter.

"You mean the regulations? He warned me about them."

The porter looked at Pendlebury's dishevelled mass on the hard dark bench.

"I'll go and pour out that tea." When he had gone, Pendlebury perceived through the door the first frail foreshadowing of the slow northern dawn.

Soon he was able to follow the porter to the little office. Already the stove was roaring.

"That's better, sir," said the porter, as Pendlebury sipped the immensely strong liquor.

Pendlebury had begun to shiver, but he turned his head towards the porter and tried to smile.

"Reckon anything's better than a night in Casterton station waiting room for the matter of that," said the porter. He was leaning against a high desk, with his arms folded and his feet set well apart before the fire. He was a middle-aged man, with grey eyes and the look of one who carried responsibilities.

"I expect I'll survive."

"I expect you will, sir. But there's some who didn't."

Pendlebury lowered his cup to the saucer. He felt that his hand was shaking too much for dignity. "Oh," he said. "How was that?"

"More tea, sir?"

"I've half a cup to go yet."

The porter was regarding him gravely. "You didn't know that Casterton station's built on the site of the old gaol?"

Pendlebury tried to shake his head.

"The waiting room's on top of the burial ground."

"The burial ground?"

"That's right, sir. One of the people buried there is Lily Torelli, the Beautiful Nightingale. Reckon they hadn't

much heart in those times, sir. Not when it came to the point."

Pendlebury said nothing for a long minute. Far away he could hear a train. Then he asked: "Did the other porter know this?"

"He did, sir. Didn't you notice?"

"Notice what?"

The porter said nothing, but simply imitated the other porter's painful and uncontrollable twitch.

Pendlebury stared. Terror was waxing with the cold sun.

"The other porter used to be a bit too partial to the bottle. One night he spent the night in that waiting room himself."

"Why do you tell me this?" Suddenly Pendlebury turned from the porter's grey eyes.

"You might want to mention it. If you decide to see a doctor about the trouble yourself." The porter's voice was full of solicitude but less full of hope. "Nerves, they say it is. Just nerves."



GHOST STORIES, FAIRY TALES AND RIDDLES

These are wine-drinking days.
We sip darkly into the deep hours
of our poetry.
Words are what we talk with
and we have gathered
to recite them.

Young singers come to the room
with words they have written

about the loves and the wars
of man.

They know how to save us.
They have broken-doll eyes
and serious faces.

We sit on the floor like
mesmerized children listening
to favorite stories.
We want to believe what we hear.
We pretend
and grow wise.

Those with guitars
have mystical fingers.
With the twang and the strum
of their hands
they make music for
our ghost stories, fairy tales
and riddles.

In our separate ages
we are
each other's children,
trading our poems for songs
and our answers
for questions.
We leave wine, like thin blood,
on all our pages.

— Joyce Odam
† † †

DREAM FOR A WINDY NIGHT

by Caryl Porter

I am terribly worried about Shelly. She's my sister and she's only seven. I feel responsible for her because I'm five years older, and we're close. We have always shared a room, and I think I'm closer to Shelly than anyone else is; not that Mother doesn't take good care of her, and all.

But tonight, just now, I realize that I have to do something. It may already be too late. I don't know what to do. I don't know who to ask, because I'm sure no one will believe me. I think I'll take the time right now to go back over it, sort of like a movie running in my mind, and see if there's anything I've left out; and see if I can find any clues that might help. Somebody has to believe me.

I'll start when Shelly is a baby. She's happy all the time. My mother says, "Look at that baby. As long as she can cuddle a toy animal, she never cries."

Shelly is three. One day she crouches without moving for the longest time, just watching a bunch of ants walk across the sidewalk. The boy next door comes along with a stick and stirs them all up. Shelly stares at him.

The boy says, "What's the matter with you? They're only ants. They sting people." He goes away.

Shelly stays there looking at the dead ants, and the tears run down her fat little cheeks.

Shelly is four. She can read already; mostly those little books about animals. We take her to the zoo for the first time. We stand at the lion cage. Shelly stares at the lions and they stare back at her. The biggest lion walks slowly over toward Shelly. He purrs, like an enormous cat, and rubs his shoulder against the cage as if he wanted her to pet him. She reaches out her hand, and my mother pulls her away, even with all those bars between them.

We stand in front of the monkey cages. Everybody laughs except Shelly. Pretty soon all the monkeys are just sitting there, looking at Shelly, and a man says, "I never saw them do that before." It is perfectly quiet.

We look at the peacock. People standing there talk about how they wish the bird would spread out his tail. I hear a woman say, "Those birds never do what you want them to. I want to get a picture of him with his tail spread out." But he won't do it.

Then Shelly looks at the bird. She doesn't say anything, she doesn't move. She just looks at the peacock. The keeper comes along. "That bird must be sulking," he says, "or maybe sick. Something's wrong with him the last few days."

And then, right in front of Shelly, the bird spreads that gorgeous tail and turns around and around, like a model with a fantastic dress; just to show Shelly.

"Well, I'll be!" the keeper says.

Shelly is five. She likes to take her naps with Buster, our old dog. They go everywhere together.

One day Mother says, "Shelly, you've got to stop sleeping so close to that dog. You're beginning to smell like him."

But Shelly says, "I like it. He smells nice and warm."

Shelly goes to Kindergarten for the first time. When she comes home, she goes to the kitchen for cookies and milk. Then she runs to the bathroom.

Mother follows her. "What's the matter, honey?" Shelly is throwing up. Mother says, "Lots of children get upset when they go to school for the first time. But we'll have Doctor Brown check her."

He doesn't find anything wrong and we never did find out what happened that day.

One day when Shelly has been in school about a month, she asks me, "Jane, is there a heaven for animals?"

"I don't know, Shelly."

"Well, I think there is. And if they get hurt, they go there and they're all right again. And I want to go to animal heaven because I think animals are nicer than people; except you."

"There are lots of nice people, Shelly," I tell her.

During that first year, I check on Shelly when I can, in the little kids' play yard. She seems happy enough on the red rocking horse they have there. But I remember: right then is where IT starts. I usually think of it as IT.

One night when we are in bed, Shelly asks, "Jane, are you asleep?"

"Not yet."

"Jane, do you know Danny in my room?"

"You mean the red haired one who lives down-town?"

"Yes, he's the one. He's not going to be in school tomorrow, I guess."

"How do you know, Shelly?"

There is a long pause. Then she says, "He's not going to be there anymore at all, I guess."

"What makes you think that?"

"I just know."

Well, the next day, sure enough, Danny isn't in school. And a few days later they tell the kids he won't be coming back at all. Shelly won't talk to me about it, when I ask her. But she tosses a lot in her sleep, and makes little crying noises.

You know how it is. Danny hasn't been gone very long when kids start talking about him as if he's really only away someplace. I hear one of the boys say, "That Danny was a real mean kid. One day, the week before he — you know — he hurt his own dog so bad they had to take it to the vet, and the vet said Danny shouldn't have a dog at all if he was going to be so mean. My mom was there with our dog and she heard. The vet was awful mad."

After Shelly's first year in school we go to the beach for the summer. Shelly is happy. She runs along the beach in her little red bathing suit, her long braids down her back.

"Look at that precious child," I hear people say.

Shelly got brown, and she doesn't cry in her sleep. She digs holes in the sand to let the water seep in. Sometimes little sea creatures float into the holes she has dug. She always carries them back to the ocean and puts them in.

She loves to watch the sandpipers and gulls. One day she spreads her arms out, like wings, and runs along the sand after some gulls. When she runs back she asks me,

"Don't you wish you could learn how to fly, Jane? Do you think people can ever learn how to fly? I wish I could. I'd fly away and live with my friends."

"People can't fly, Shelly," I tell her, "and pretty soon you'll make lots of friends at school."

Shelly is in first grade. It isn't much better. She throws up a lot, and cries in her sleep. The doctor still can't find anything wrong. "Some children just have a hard time adjusting to school," he tells my mother.

One day Shelly and I are coming home from school together. I wait for her, sometimes. The crossing guard is helping a girl who has a lunch pail and a big bunch of books. He ties them together with her jump rope so she can carry them better.

A big German Shepherd runs up to her, and she screams.

"He's just playing," Shelly says. She runs away from me, up to the dog. She says something to it, and he sits down.

That stupid girl screams, "He's going to bite me! He's going to bite me!" She slings the whole load of books at him and catches him across the eyes.

Shelly cries, "Don't hit him. He won't hurt you."

But the dumb girl yells and keeps hitting the poor dog. Finally the crossing guard gets her to leave, and the dog goes away whimpering. Shelly cries all the way home. She is shaking and sobbing, and when we get home she goes in and throws up again.

Pretty soon after that, my father says at dinner one night, "Well, girls, we have a big surprise for you. I have been transferred, and we are to move."

"Move?" I say, "But we live here."

He laughs. I think you'll like living in our new town. I've found a big old house, and maybe there will be room for a horse. You'd like that, wouldn't you, Shelly?"

She just nods. Then two nights before we are to leave, Shelly says, "Jane, you know the girl with the books?"

"You mean the one who hit the dog?"

"Yes. I guess she won't be in school tomorrow."

Right then I know I have to talk to her about IT. "Shelly," I say, "that girl was afraid. She didn't mean to hurt the dog. Some people are afraid of dogs. You know that."

Shelly looks stubborn. "She shouldn't have hit him. He didn't do anything." And she turns away from me and won't talk any more.

Well, the girl isn't in school the next day, and the day after that we move. I wish I knew for sure what happened to her.

Now we live in a town where we don't know anybody very well, and Shelly is in second grade. She asks me things that worry me; things like, "Do you think if I learned how to fly, I could teach you?"

"People don't fly, Shelly," I tell her. "They can't fly."

Yesterday the two boys down the street teased their old cat and he yelled like a siren. Shelly went out to see what

was the matter. She kept looking at those boys in the strangest way.

And just now . . . Well it's a dark night — dark and windy. Maybe I'm dreaming. But I open my eyes, and I'm looking at a shadow on the wall. It's a shadow that looks like Shelly. Her braids are straight out behind her and her feet — I know nobody will believe me — her feet are nowhere near the ground.

† † †

WHEN THE MOON IS PALE

The older guest had fingers of a length
Uncommon to the searching, youthful eyes
Of Robin, in whose heart suspicious fear
Grew like a sword uptilted; but he smiled
In bleak amusement at his elder's store
Of anecdote, and called him raconteur;
He swallowed wine, and measured with his gaze

The second finger shorter than the third,
Then thought of mangled sheep, their throats
torn wide,
Their bodies bloodless on the moonlit ground,
The quasi-human wolfprints traced nearby;
As evening fell, the others drew away
To guard the sheep pen, but when Robin rose
He fixed his gaze upon the older man.

"Stay with me, raconteur, and tell the tale
Your heart forgets," he said, "until the moon
Recalls you to your destiny." He saw
The snarl of rage that crossed the other's mouth,
The lupine teeth betrayed by stirring lips,
The face that bristled out with wolfish hair
As through the window struck the pallid moon.

He leaped with savage swiftness, caught the throat
 With crushing fingers, dragging to the floor
 His enemy, who raised a piercing howl
 That reached the others waiting by the pen;
 They dashed into the house, saw Robin lift
 His adversary in the moon-stabbed dark,
 And smash his spine across a fallen chair.

— Wade Wellman

† † †

THE RELIC

I craved that relic from the ancient tomb.
 For dark intent it would fulfill my need —
 For sorcery, my life, my only creed,
 That magic that would prove my final doom.
 Some daemon's urgings led me there alone.
 At midnight, when the sickly moon shone pale,
 I sought the vault deep in its gloomy vale,
 And entered it, and raised the coffin stone.
 The wizard's body lay there undecayed,
 Yet hideous in its livid, bloodless look.
 His opened eyes turned on me, and he *spoke* —
 Such words of power no mortal ever made.
 I fled the vault, yet still those words I hear,
 And I must kill myself, or die of fear.

— Roger Johnson

† † †

AFTER YOU, MONTAGU*

by Howard Wandrei

This salesman named Harold Swampfellow pulled off

U.S. 61 on the dirtiest and thickest night in nine years. You couldn't see whether trees had been planted on the road, whether you were roaming through the woods and ponds, or determine whether it was the darkness which had awakened you at home on your settee where you had napped too late into the darkness to keep an engagement, or whether something had happened and this wasn't the same world any more.

Swampfellow rolled in on crushed granite beyond the gas pumps, because he could see the fuzzy eyes of lights in the diner through the dense fog. He walked in. There was no more fog inside than there was in London, if the windows are kept closed.

It *was* a diner. A sort of pair of counters, with leather stools of the swivel kind running the whole length. Swampfellow knew every type of human being, was a master psychologist, and he knew it, because salesmen get to know that and will pity you if you think otherwise. He sized up the counterman, the same sort as all countermen, and looked up at the menu of enamelled letters stuck into the black frame. One of them caught his eye. It read: *Fried Bone S'wich*.

"What in the hell is that?" Harold asked.

"Fried bone sandwich," said the counterman.

"How do you prepare those?" Swampfellow asked.

"Just fry them" said the bored counterman. He had his sleeves rolled up and he had hairy arms. Nice looking lad. "Sometimes," he added, "with cheese. We have them cold, too."

"I'll try one," Swampfellow decided. It was so thick and filthy outside that he expected to try several other items on the menu before he left, for he was one of those string-

* John, 4th Earl of Sandwich.

beans able to pack away either a section of pie and ice cream or the same size of juicy steak for dessert and never weigh more than a hundred and forty-two pounds. It was his standard weight, never changed.

The counterman complied, turning up the gas. The sandwich was a hot one with cheese.

"Why, it *is* fried bone!" Swampfellow exclaimed in astonishment, after trying his teeth gently on the rigid spread between the slices of toast. He cast his thoughts about the calcium content of bone.

"Well, just eat the cheese and bread if you don't like the bone," the counterman suggested. "We really have only one customer for that sandwich. He comes in here all the time, just around now."

He drew coffee and set it down, and placed another sandwich on the counter. Swampfellow hadn't heard anyone come in, but he was aware of company, particularly because he heard snapping and crackling sounds only a foot or two from his right ear. He turned his head slowly to regard the newcomer sitting on the stool next to him. Harold had already left a half-dollar on the black-composition counter. He got up cautiously, involuntarily making a sound of "mnng-nng," wavering up and down. He circled wide around the thing on the stool, and it seemed that no sooner had he exploded through the doorway than his car spat its wheels on the crushed granite; Swampfellow jumped from raving low gear into high and went roaring down the highway into the night.

"What's the matter with *him*?" The Thing asked.

"Oh, one of those smart-aleck salesmen," said the counterman. "I guess he didn't believe that it was a fried bone sandwich."

"Well, it *is*, isn't it?" asked The Thing that came down from the hills on rotten nights, like this one.

"Are you kidding me?" the counterman demanded,

leaning forward. "Of course not! You know damned well we haven't got any saw here for slicing bone that thin. These sandwiches you've been eating for the last four years are window-glass."

"Hoo-oo!" chortled The Thing as it crunched the sandwich with a sound like clamshells going through an old-fashioned meat-grinder, with relish. "I *thought* it was kinda funny I could see through those slices of bone. Sure was a good joke on *him!*"

† † †

IN PRESSURE-POUNDED CHASMS

I.

Beneath the yacht the bell was fast descending
Towards unfathomed deeps of silent gloom,
While on the deck the crew and I were lending
A hand with cables and the pulley-boom.
Thornton was anxious, to his tasks attending,
Coaxing his precious switches, dials and all;
His sharp instructions seemingly unending,
Controlling his deep-diving camera's fall.

Maloney, from the *Times*, was busy making
Notes for his column, silent for a while.
"Five thousand fathoms, better start the breaking,"
Cried Thornton and we slowed the deep missile.
"There's nothing changed down there since time began;
We'll see it soon if all goes to my plan."

II.

"Now hold it and I'll get the camera started
Before we let the cable out some more;

I've got so far, I don't want to be thwarted,
 By smashing it upon the ocean floor."
 He twiddled with his dials and on the screen
 A picture of the deeps began to show;
 Strange fish the like of which we'd never seen
 Went oggling by with luminescent glow.

"A bit more line," cried Thornton. "But be gentle,
 I only pray the brakes can take the load."
 Upon his face — for all to see — the mental
 Strain he was undergoing clearly showed.
 While in the depths the bell moved all serene,
 Through abysses of Nodens' dark demesne.

III.

All were aware of Thornton's fear of failing
 And knew the brilliant man's avowed intent;
 He'd told us all, before we started sailing,
 Of his one dread — unwanted sediment!
 He wished to see the rocks as they'd once been
 Before time wreaked its havoc on the land,
 He hoped the deepest ocean floor was clean,
 Not buried underneath soft-silted sand.

It seemed to me the screen showed his success
 As wide expanses floated into view,
 Of stretching plains and rocky wilderness;
 Of unexplored horizons, old yet new.
 Then, in a mazed excitement, Thornton swore
 At something else which suddenly he saw.

IV.

For there, imprinted on the solid stone —

Laid down by what or when no one could say —
 Were monstrous prints of something quite unknown,
 As though fresh made in Cretaceous clay.
 "Who would have thought," I whispered then in awe,
 "That there would be such traces way down there?
 A sight no man has ever seen before —
 A secret of the past at last laid bare."

Then — with a crack — the pulley-brake burst free
 And on the screen the view loomed quickly close;
 The bell rushed to the bottom of the sea
 But did not smash. Old Thornton's features froze.
 "Great Scott!" he whispered "it can't be true!
 The bed's not rock; it's mud — *those prints are new!*"

— Brian Lumley

† † †

NECROLOGY. Virgil Finlay died in mid-January at 56. Finlay has been called the "dean of fantasy artists," and not without reason. Born July 23, 1914, in Rochester, New York, Finlay was a self-taught artist, with an early fascination for the fantastic. *Weird Tales* was his first target, and in that magazine, then edited by Farnsworth Wright, he made his first appearance in 1935. He was both cover-artist and illustrator for *Weird Tales*, *Famous Fantastic Mysteries*, *Fantastic Novels*, and was offered a position as staff artist on *The American Weekly* by A. Merritt. During his career, Finlay had some 1,400 interior drawings and more than 110 covers published in the pulp magazines, and he was an artist for *Astrology* magazine during the last 14 years. He illustrated such books as *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Seabury Quinn's *Roads*, Willis Boughton's *The Far Place*, A. Merritt's *The Ship of Ishtar*, and Albro Gaul's *The Complete Book of Space Travel*. Finlay did the first

Arkham House jacket, that for Lovecraft's *The Outsider and Others*, as well as that for *Marginalia*. During his lifetime four portfolios of his work were published.

† † †

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES. Readers of the *Collector* might be interested in *Riverside Quarterly*, devoted in large part to science-fiction, to a lesser extent to fantasy generally. 60c the copy, \$2.00 per year. Send to Box 40 / University Station / Regina, Saskatchewan, Canada. It is one of the best fanzines now being published and is already in its fifth volume. With illustrations, poetry, fiction, reviews and critical articles.

In Milan, Italy, the firm of Longanesi has finally brought out *Le avventure di Solar Pons* and *Le memorie di Solar Pons* (160 pages, 3500 Lira) in one fat volume with both the Starrett and Queen introductions. Since both the original Mycroft & Moran books are out of print, this is the only version of the tales currently in print. *Corriere della Sera* of Milan hails *Solar Pons* as "a duplicate of Sherlock Holmes."

The Walker Watchword, a quarterly publication of Walker and Company, gave Arkham House a handsome introduction to its 5,000 readers in its Fall, 1970 issue. The Walker imprint appears on many outstanding books in the domain of science-fiction, among them, recently: *I Am Legend*, by Richard Matheson / *A for Anything*, by Damon Knight / *The Wanderer*, by Fritz Leiber / *Solaris*, by Stanislaw Lem, and *Partners in Wonder*, by Harlan Ellison, an unique anthology written in collaboration with Robert Bloch, Algis Budrys, Avram Davidson, Theodore Sturgeon, Robert Sheckley, A. E. Van Vogt, Keith Laumer, Roger Zelazny, and others. Announced for Spring under the Walker imprint are, among others, Miriam Allen DeFord's *Elsewhere*, *Elsewhen*, *Elsehow* / Sam Mosko-

witz's *Horrors Unknown* / Harlan Ellison's *Approaching Oblivion* / and *Joyleg* by Avram Davidson & Ward Moore.

Judging from the many letters we receive, a respectable number of our patrons are not only Arkham House completists, but want to add to their collections as many of the macabre works of our authors as possible. In this connection, we want to point out that August Derleth's *Sac Prairie People* (\$3.00, and rapidly being depleted) contains two macabre tales — *Where the Worm Dieth Not*, a novelette, and *One Against the Dead*, a short story, neither anywhere else in print, and never before in any collection.

The popularity of Arkham House books continues to grow. Perhaps not so happily, those collectors who have taken their time about ordering, and who have not ordered in advance against our limited printings, may be left without some of our more recent books. Now out of print are *The Dark Brotherhood and Others*, by H. P. Lovecraft — *Nine Horrors and a Dream*, by Joseph Payne Brennan — *The Casebook of Solar Pons*, by August Derleth — *The Travelling Grave*, by L. P. Hartley — *Carnacki, the Ghost-Finder*, by William Hope Hodgson — “*In Re: Sherlock Holmes*”, by August Derleth — *West India Lights*, by Henry S. Whitehead — *Poems for Midnight*, by Donald Wandrei — *The Fourth Book of Jorkens*, by Lord Dunsany.

Soon to go out of print, and not to be listed in our late 1971 stocklist, are these — *Fire and Sleet and Candlelight*, by August Derleth — *Demons and Dinosaurs*, by L. Sprague de Camp — *The Quick and the Dead*, by Vincent Starrett — *The Doll and One Other*, by Algernon Blackwood — *The Reminiscences of Solar Pons*, by August Derleth — *Tales of Science and Sorcery*, by Clark Ashton Smith — *Witch House*, by Evangeline Walton. *The Doll* was recently televised, accounting for a sudden run on the Blackwood book.

Since the first volume of *The Arkham Collector* will conclude with the Summer, 1971 issue, out in July, individual issues of the earlier numbers will no longer be listed in our catalog, though later in the year bound volumes of the first ten issues will go on sale at \$10.00 the copy.

The *L'Herne* Lovecraft issue finally came in after more than a year's delay, and the advance-ordered copies were duly dispatched to our patrons. We sold them at \$5.00 the copy, only to learn when the invoice came in from France that we were paying considerably more for them. For the few remaining issues of the Lovecraft issue of *L'Herne* that we have left — about 50 — we must ask \$10.00 the copy.

From Luther Norris: Publisher (at 3844 Watseka Avenue, Culver City, California 90230) comes *Baker Street Ballads*, at \$3.00 the copy, in an edition limited to 300 numbered copies, and with Sherlockian illustrations by Henry Lauritzen. The book is by the late Dr. Charles E. Lauterbach; it consists of variant versions, in poetic form, of some of the Holmes stories. Also from Luther Norris comes *The Holy Quire*, by Harry Hartman, with decorations by William Dixon — a dozen Holmesian essays, some delightfully biased and lighthearted, at \$4.00 the copy; and *The Mission That Failed*, a book of poems by Edgar Wallace, with an introduction by his daughter, Penelope — the first of Wallace's 173 published works — the verse is largely Kiplingesque, and was originally brought out by a Cape Town bookseller. Published for the Edgar Wallace Society at \$3.00 the copy.

The Bokanalia Memorial Foundation (Box 14126, San Francisco, California 94114) is bringing out a major work — a color portfolio of Hannes Bok prints — *The Magic of Hannes Bok*, at \$12.50 the copy. There are 10 full color prints, faithfully reproduced, suitable for framing, with a printed brochure written for the portfolio. The

edition is limited. Meanwhile Emil Petaja, the moving agent behind the Foundation, has authored *Stardust and Other Fantastic Flotsam* (Fantasy Publishing Company, \$4.95).

Both H. P. Lovecraft and Clark Ashton Smith are earning new popularity abroad, particularly in Germany; each author is represented there by two collections of tales. This popularity reflects that previously won in England, France, the Netherlands and elsewhere — the most recent country to publish a Lovecraft collection being Romania. In England plans are under way to bring out in hardback both Smith's early volumes, *Out of Space and Time* and *Lost Worlds*.

The rock and roll group using Lovecraft's name — in that wild kind of nomenclature such groups have been using ever since rock and roll emerged as an art form — have dropped the "H. P." and are now known simply as "Lovecraft". Their most recent album is *Valley of the Moon*, under the Reprise label (distributed by Warner). Of this new recording *Variety* says, "The music retains that haunting mixture of complex, vocal harmonies and lilting instrumentals. Although some of the harmonic patterns show a Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young influence, Lovecraft has for the most part a distinct sound that should break them this time around." We try to think how H. P. L. would respond to the music, but it defeats our imagination.

Many aficionados of H. P. Lovecraft may be unaware of the existence of a one-time village named Dunwich off Dunwich Bight on the coast of Suffolk, England. The village stood so close to the cliff edge along the sea that time and the ocean have been in the process of erasing it for many decades. All Saints' Church, which stood on the very edge of the cliff not long after the turn of the century, has now gone down to the water's edge, where its ruins are washed by the tide — if indeed they have not already been engulfed

by the sea. *Country Life* carried an article on Dunwich by Gregory Grigson 15 years ago, and Alasdair Alpin MacGregor — a well-known Scotts collector of weird lore — visited the site and took the photograph reproduced here, of one of the few remaining tombstones on the cliff at Dunwich. The last burial at Dunwich — of one John Brindley Easy — took place in September, 1826. The scene recorded in the photography may be no more.



SCHEDULE CHANGES. Difficulties besetting Donald Wandrei, who undertook the proofing of the manuscript of H. P. Lovecraft's **SELECTED LETTERS III**, have prevented publication of the book in April; it will come just as soon after April as the printers can put it through. . . . Meanwhile, **DARK THINGS** has gone to the printers to be set, printed and bound — for June release, as announced. The final contents add up to 22 stories, all new, none ever

before published in any form. The stories are: *The Funny Farm*, by Robert Bloch / *The Eyes of Mme. Dupree*, by P. H. Booth / *"The Peril That Lurks Among Ruins"*, by Joseph Payne Brennan / *Napier Court*, by Ramsey Campbell / *The Dweller in the Tomb*, by Lin Carter / *The House by the Tarn* and *The Knocker at the Portico*, by Basil Copper / *Lord of the Depths*, by David Drake / *Omega*, by Alice R. Hill / *The House in the Oaks*, by Robert E. Howard / *The Singleton Barrier*, by Carl Jacobi / *The Case of the Double Husband*, by Margery Lawrence / *Innsmouth Clay*, by H. P. Lovecraft / *Rising with Surtsey*, by Brian Lumley / *Company in the Orchard*, by Frances May / *"Beyondaril"*, by John Metcalfe / *The Manterfield Inheritance*, by Charles Partington / *The Storm King*, by Emil Petaja / *The Elevator*, by James Wade / *Appointment with Fire*, by H. Russell Wakefield / *The Rings of the Papaloi*, by Donald J. Walsh, Jr. / *Requiem for Earth*, by Donald Wandrei. The book will be in large format — our longest anthology of new stories, selling at \$6.50. The jacket drawing is by Herb Arnold; the design and lettering by Gary Gore. . . . Clark Ashton Smith's **SELECTED POEMS** is on schedule for August publication at \$10.00. . . . Autumn publications are: **THE CALLER OF THE BLACK**, by Brian Lumley (\$5.00), **DEMONS BY DAYLIGHT**, by Ramsey Campbell (\$5.00), **THE CHRONICLES OF SOLAR PONS**, by August Derleth (\$5.00). For the months following — **THE RIM OF THE UNKNOWN**, by Frank Belknap Long (\$7.50), and **THE WATCHERS OUT OF TIME & OTHERS**, by H. P. Lovecraft & August Derleth (\$7.50) — both uniform in format with **THE DUNWICH HORROR & OTHERS**, and both omnibus books. **THE WATCHERS OUT OF TIME & OTHERS** contains not only the new short novel of the title, but also, complete, **THE LURKER AT THE THRESHOLD**, **THE SURVIVOR & OTHERS**, and

scattered Lovecraft/Derleth collaborations or pastiches — two novels, two novelettes, and a dozen short stories.



PANELS FOR A NATIVITY

I.

The Second Coming did occur, you know;
It was in Cadiz, in sixteen-oh-five.
Christ was the son of a Spanish harlot,
Half Moor, part gypsy, and God knows what else,
Having come again to the poor and lowly.
El Greco angels plied trumpets ten feet long
And simple folk came, stood about and marvelled.
But
The Pope heard of it, exclaimed, "Impossible!"
So the Holy Ghost withdrew out of deference.

II.

The Second Coming did occur, you know;
It was in Essen, in nineteen forty-four.
Air raid sirens sang *In Terra Pax*
And three of the Krupp family came,
Bearing gifts: steel, cordite, and trinitrotoluene.
But
An American bomb, not scheduled,
Blew the stable to smithereens.
This caused a flareup in the argument
Between Free-Willers and Predestinarians.

III.

The Second Coming did occur, you know;
 It was in Kansas, in nineteen fifty-two.
 What the outcome will be is not known yet.
 But
 We need not be much concerned;
 It happens Christ was born an ant this time,
 And came to save the ants.
 The burnt Child shuns the fire.

— James Wade.

† † †

ATLANTIC CITY: 5:30 P.M.

Telephone mourning in the
 contrapuntal silence
 like a staccato tomcat:
 squat black soprano toad!

Dial again, Lady. Hear those mindless circuits
 inevitably select
 that same tenuous tendril
 to a room untenanted.

A mistake? Is he three doors away in slumber?
 Or long since vanished down the boardwalk
 in pursuit of a splinter of youth?
 Clutch the receiver for a breathless time,
 then return it to its cradle. It is all you can do.
 No one is ever at the other end.

— W. P. Ganley